

Mystical Masquers Make Music In Recent Presentation

by Bill Butler

Just after the turn of the century, Gian Carlo Menotti presented a musical drama that was to be counted later among the most important plays in all American Musical Theater. The play, originally scheduled for only a few special performances before the Ballet Society at Columbia, received such a great response that it was then produced by a professional theater company on Broadway. There it became an overnight smash hit, leading critics of the day to speculate on a Menotti revolution in the Musical Theater.

Although this was not literally to come to pass, the play has been one of great importance in shaping the fine musical theater that we have today. On April 2, 3, and 4 the Armstrong Masquers presented this Menotti musical drama, *The Medium*, for the faculty, students, and community of Armstrong. The production was one of the most interesting and challenging that the Armstrong Masquers cast have performed.

Miss Julia Slappey joined the Masquers cast for this play. Savannahians and Little Theater audiences over the past few years are well acquainted with Miss Slappey's talents. The other fine members of the cast included: Holly Lee, Jerry Duke, Jocelyn Reiter, David Seyle, and Pamela Poston. The pianists who supplied musical accompaniment for the actors were Susan Sharpe and Linda Walker. The set was designed by Ken McKinnell and the musical director was Dr. Harry Persse. Portions of the story for *The Medium* are al-

legedly drawn from author Menotti's personal experience at a seance. The plot revolves around a swindeling old lady, Madame Flora, who manufactures mystical happenings at the expense of her client's pocketbook, until one night, something totally unexplainable occurs. The experience shakes Madame Flora terribly and she becomes

possessed by visions that haunt her. The resolution of this conflict leads to a surprising, macabre ending.

Director John Suchower described the play as being a conceived melodrama; "but beautifully conceived," with music full of discord and beautiful lyrics. The unique quality of *The Medium*

is that it has integrated song and action. Unlike opera, or *Oliver* either, for that matter, the action is never stopped to inject a song. The play has a place in the American Theater along with the works of Samuel Barber, Carlyle Floyd, and other greats. It requires a close-listening, attentive audience and it is extremely well done.

When asked what plans the Masquers had for the coming year, Mr. Suchower said that nothing was definite yet. He would like to see a wide range of plays performed here for the Armstrong audience, possibly even some Shakespeare, in his belief that "educational theater should present the widest range of plays possible."



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NATIONALIZATION OF SORORITIES HIGHLIGHTS ORGANIZATION NEWS

Delta Phi Upsilon formally announced its affiliation with Sigma Kappa Sorority on Sunday, March 15. The name of the chapter at ASC will be Epsilon Sigma. The announcement was made at a pledging ceremony, followed by a social at the Desoto-Hilton Hotel. Mrs. Margaret Taggart, member of Sigma Kappa's National Council, Miss Virginia Spiller, and several sisters from the University of Georgia participated in the pledge ceremony.

Sigma Kappa sisters, known as "Snakey Ks," have many duties as well as privileges. The sorority has several philanthropies including the Maine

Sea Crest Mission, a farm school in Greece, and a program of Gerontology. Epsilon Sigma Chapter will also work with the Bethlehem Community Center in Savannah, as ushers for the Fine Arts Series and ASC Masquer productions, and will appropriate five \$100 scholarships per quarter at ASC. The sisters will also participate in the intramural program at ASC.

Current officers of Epsilon Sigma Chapter are: Linda Roberts, president; Joan Horne, first vice-president; Adele Cafiero, second vice-president; Bonita Sawyer, treasurer; Debbie Powers, recording secretary; Sue Black,

corresponding secretary; Bobbie Cross, chaplain; and Patty McCarthy, sergeant-at-arms.

Sunday, March 8, 1970, Alpha Tau Beta Sorority was formally pledged into Alpha Gamma Delta International Fraternity. The traditional pledging ritual was conducted by the sisters from Mercer University and the Savannah Alumnae in the reception room of the Memorial Student Center. Following the ceremony, a tea was held for the new pledges, who were the old members of ATB, and their new pledges, Sharon McPhail, Pam Burke, Pam Watkins, Pat Heaton, Becky Anstine, and Sandra Rabey. In total, thirty-three people including Mrs. Jo Weeks, Armstrong nurse, and Mrs. Martha DeWitt, School Counselor, were made pledges.

Because ATB has existed for 34 consecutive years, the establishment of a colony for one year was found to be unnecessary. Therefore, on May 8-10 instead of forming

a colony, Alpha Gamma Delta, Gamma Phi Chapter will be created. This chapter will be the 102nd chapter since the forming of the fraternity on May 30, 1904 at Syracuse University.

From the very beginning of the fraternity, it has had the altruistic project of working with children. It first set up summer camps for underprivileged children. Today, the main goal is to help children victimized by cerebral palsy. The fraternity does this by giving service, equipment, supplies to the community. Alpha Gamma Delta also contributes internationally to the Cerebral Palsy Division of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults.

At their first meeting of the Spring Quarter on March 26, the Young Democrats of Armstrong College elected new officers for the club. These officers will serve until Spring Quarter, 1971. Those students who were elected are: President-Abro Sutker, Vice-President-Ed Burchett, Secretary-Carol Ann Sullivan, and Treasurer-Kathleen Hastings.

At this same meeting the Young Democrats also voted to sponsor an appearance on campus by C. B. King, a black candidate for Governor of Ga., on March 31 at 12:30. They also discussed the possibility of sponsoring an open forum for all gubernatorial candidates late in the Spring Quarter. In addition, it was announced that State Representative Bobby Hill had agreed to address the club at a date to be determined shortly.

LITERARY MAGAZINE ADOPTS NEW LOOK

The Armstrong State College literary magazine will have a completely new look when it appears on campus this quarter. The magazine, formerly called *Focus*, has been re-named *Albion's Voice* and two editions are slated to be published during the Spring Quarter.

Not only has the name of the magazine been changed, but the format has been significantly altered. *Albion's Voice* will be oriented towards the coverage and analysis of subjects of topical interest rather than towards the creative writings of Armstrong students. According to editor-

in-chief Bill Strong, the areas of coverage will include: pollution, education, poverty, labor, drugs, city-county news, national news, black culture, and record reviews. Strong expressed the hope that *Albion's Voice* will present an "alternative to the hackneyed, interest-ridden, overly-traditional news media."

Fine Films Schedule

Wednesday, April 8, 1970	12:30 P.M.	SAPS AT SEA starring Laurel & Hardy
Friday, April 10, 1970	8:00 P.M.	THE BRIDGE
Wednesday, April 15, 1970	12:30 P.M.	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Friday, May 1, 1970	8:00 P.M.	EAST OF EDEN
Wednesday, May 6, 1970	12:30 P.M.	SON OF THE SHIEK
Friday, May 8, 1970	8:00 P.M.	THE AFRICAN QUEEN
Friday, May 15, 1970	8:00 P.M.	THE RAVEN
Wednesday, May 20, 1970	12:30 P.M.	NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK with W.C. Fields

ALL FILMS WILL BE SHOWN IN THE FINE ARTS AUDITORIUM
ADMISSION IS FREE FOR STUDENTS, FACULTY AND THEIR GUESTS

"DON'T BOTHER HIM NOW! HE'S PLANNING HIS NEXT SPEECH ON THE LAOS SITUATION!"

MARLETTE
GARDNER



WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

The death of Erle Stanley Gardner was a blow to Perry Mason fans everywhere. His passing brought to mind a visit I received from the fam-

It was 1957, I believe, and the city was New Orleans. I headed an agency which employed a half-dozen detectives, myself included. We didn't handle that many important matters, but we did supply the tidbits of information necessary to keep the bigger agencies bigger. When one of the top cats finished waterproofing and found his case still had leaks, we stepped in to patch things up. Harry Linn and his boys were noted for their legwork. We were acquainted with every resident crook in town, from the petty thieves who stole to keep from starving right up to the fat car crooks who dished out a grand monthly for their plush, renovated French Quarter apartments. Sure we often soaked tired dogs in a tub of steaming water. Sure, we never made headlines. But we were paid very well and that alone can soothe a lot of sore tootsies. New Orleans is a nice place to live and spend money.

It was early in April when my private secretary, Louella, rapped on my door to announce that Perry Mason was in to see me. I was startled.

"By all means, show him in, Louella," I said. I slipped my MAD magazine back into the drawer, using the rusty .45 caliber pistol that I kept there to hold it open to the right page. I hastily slipped my shoes on, though I knew I wouldn't have time to lace them.

The famous attorney stepped into my office. A woman was with him. Louella followed them in and shut the door behind her.

"Mr. Mason, I'm honored," I started as he reached across the desk to shake my hand.

"Call me Perry, Harry. This is Della and we've met Louella. Could we get down to business?"

I was glad to do anything to get off that slap-

stick. After all, the Farkels and Laugh-In were still a decade away from achieving television fame.

"Just what brings you way down here to New Orleans, Perry?" I inquired.

"I have a job for you, Mr. Linn, if you're interested. This thing's got me completely baffled. I have reason to believe that the man I'm after is here in New Orleans, but I'll be damned if I can locate him. I've asked around and they tell me that Harry Linn could find a cross-eyed cockroach if there was one to be found within the limits of the city."

"My boys and I do get around, Mr. Mason," I smiled. "Who is this man and why do you want him?"

"Here's a snapshot. It's fairly recent. His name is Pickrick, Rooster Pickrick. He's a small-time chicken cooker from Ga. Apparently, he's trying out for the big league now, and my client, who prefers to remain anonymous, would like very much to see him brought to justice."

"And what kind of pie does Colonel Pickrick have his finger licking fingers in now, Perry?" Della and Louella were bent over their notebooks, their pencils racing to keep up with the conversation.

"Perhaps, Mr. Linn, you aren't aware of what's happening to the G-string market in this country?" the big lawyer asked with a curious twist of his lips.

"The G-string market?" I chuckled. "No, Mr. Mason, I hadn't heard. But, please, do tell me."

"Yes," he said. "Harry, this has all come about only in the past few days. Two weeks ago the market was fine, but I doubt that there are fifty G-strings left in the country today. Someone has been buying them up, lickety-split, and I'm now certain that that someone is none other than Roos-

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editorials . . .

Student participation in the policy-making process at Armstrong State College has made significant progress in the last two years. This progress has been capped by the recent faculty approval of student representation on the Curriculum Committee. In many respects, students at this institution have had the somewhat unique experience of receiving not merely grudging approval, but, very often, active encouragement on the part of administration officials and faculty members as far as such representation and participation are concern-

ed.

In light of such a fact, it would seem appropriate that the selection of student officials who both serve on and appoint student representatives to the various policy-making committees at this college generate widespread interest among the members of our student body. For too long the election of student representatives has been a matter of blind guesses and popularity preferences on the part of approximately 20% of the students at this institution. The possibilities for constructive action and change on the part of students are too real to be forfeited because of ignorance and indifference.

The **Inkwell** urges all students and campus organizations to play an active role in the S.G.A. elections of April 13 and 14. It would hope that there will be real contests for every student office that is to be filled in this election. It would further urge that a forum be set up prior to the election so that the various candidates could present their particular qualifications and proposals to the student body as a whole. Such a forum would be eminently practical, given the cooperation of the candidates and all campus organizations. It could, perhaps, make some contribution towards rousing the student electorate from the torpor of past elections.

Given participation and interest, students at Armstrong have the opportunity to make the words "student power" more than mere rhetoric.

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The Inkwell is written and edited by the students of Armstrong State College and does not necessarily represent the views or opinions of the faculty or administration of the college, or of the University System of Georgia.

Review: The French Lieutenant's Woman

(CPS)-The French Lieutenant's Woman by John Fowles is the latest product of a remarkable and obviously still-growing talent. In this newest and (best selling) novel by the author of **The Collector** and **The Magus**, Fowles' wonderful imagination is more disciplined and artfully formed by a far better technique than in his two previous books. **The Magus** may be considered to have been a more ambitious project simply by virtue of the intricacy of its plot and cast of characters, but this book is much more successful and smoothly done.

Specifically, Lyme Regis in the year 1867 is the setting, but all of Victorian England is really on the block here. The characters, Charles Smithson and his lovely, smartly-dressed fiancée, Ernestina Freeman, and the title character, Sarah Woodruff, could all here come from the pages of the novel Thomas Hardy didn't write, except for a few small, but brilliant original touches by Fow-

les. It is the modern and the old in a fascinating new literary combination.

The plot is deceptively simple. A young gentleman, heir to a title, and the daughter of a nouveau but very rich London merchant are engaged to be married and are spending the summer before their wedding at Miss Freeman's country home. Each represents a coup for the other. She stands to get his title in their marriage, and he her money. Mercenary, and still within the bounds, albeit near the limits of Victorian sensibilities. To this almost perfectly ordinary duet is added Miss Woodruff, the French Lieutenant's woman or "tragedy", a provincial girl burdened by too much intelligence and education and too little money in an age when the former were of no use without the latter. First seen standing on the beach at Lyme Regis staring out to sea, a town legend, she is said to have fallen in love with a French lieutenant while he was convalescing in the home where

she served as governess. But this was not the end of her sin, for she followed this soldier to a nearby town and spent the night with him in a hotel. He promised to return and marry her, said the town gossips, but didn't, and now she stood by the sea, waiting - broken-hearted. Or was she?

She is certainly tragic, both in attitude and situation, since economic necessity forces her to accept a position among the household staff of the most evil and hypocritical of the town's many allegedly-Christian dragons, Mrs. Polestoney. But the real sources of tragedy may not be the soldier at all, but rather one or more of many things. This is one of the mysteries of this fascinating book.

Sarah Woodruff, of course, comes to interfere with the almost perfectly ordinary happiness of Charles and Ernestina, and it is no small tribute to Mr. Fowles' skill

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WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

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Mr. Pickrick. I want that man behind bars. We have only hours, perhaps minutes, before this fellow completely wiped out the G-string market. Like the Ten Little Indians, Mr. Linn, then there were none. Do you conceive the consequences of a thing of this sort, Mr. Linn?"

"No, I'm afraid, I don't," I admitted, hating to sound like a fool before the brilliant criminologist, but not wanting to make the mistake of claiming to understand something that I didn't.

"Think, Mr. Linn. Think!" He slapped his palm on my desk for emphasis. A coffee cut rolled over, dripping its murky contents onto the thick white carpet. "This could wipe out the art of strip-tease in this hemisphere. Every nation of this size of the earth purchases its G-strings on the American market, a market that is, at this moment, dwindling to near nothingness. Without G-strings, there can be no burlesque. If the girls wear more than that, they dance to an empty house. If they wear less, they get busted by the cops. Do you see what I mean, now?"

"Partially," I replied. "But can't these girls make their own, maybe? I mean, there's not that much to it. Just a little bit around here and some more under there, and..." Della and Louella were blushing. "Well, you know," I said.

"That's just it, Harry," said Perry. "The home-made jobs just can't hack it. G-strings, because of the basic nature of their, uh, occupation, undergo a tremendous amount of stress and strain. Their structure and composition are professional secrets. No amateur seamstress has yet determined how to make a G-string that will last even through one act. The quality string, produced by an expert craftsman, is good for only fifteen hundred or so gyrations, as any stripper who's worth her thrust will tell you. When the strings that the gals are wearing now go, that's it, baby. There ain't no more. I want Mr. Pickrick as soon as I can get him, Harry. I am authorized to pay you five thousand dollars to find him by the end of the week. However, could he be on that plane with me tonight, I'm sure my client would double that sum."

"Mr. Mason," I said firmly. "I'll have your man in my office sometime this afternoon."

We stood to shake hands. "Leave your number with Louella. She'll call you as soon as Mr. Pickrick comes to visit us."

"Fine, fine," said Mr. Mason. "I have complete confidence in your talents, Mr. Linn. See you this afternoon."

I suggest you and Della have dinner and relax. Enjoy New Orleans, and

don't worry. We'll get your man."

The lawyer smiled and nodded as he and his secretary stepped outside.

No sooner had the door closed behind them, than I lifted the receiver and began to place the proper calls. That accomplished, I leaned back and waited. It was only a matter of time. I wasn't surprised when the phone rang. The caller didn't identify himself. In a muffled and abrupt voice, he gave me an address on the outskirts of town, then hung up. I reached for the weapon inside the desk drawer and shoved it into my shoulder holster. The magazine caught my eye. After this job, I thought, I might get a subscription.

Pickrick was there, all right. And so were the G-strings. Thousands of them, stuffed into closets and cupboards everywhere.

"Okay, Pickrick, let's have it," I barked. "What were you going to do with all those G-strings?"

"Oh, I didn't want them in here, I was going to burn this house down."

"But, why, Pickrick? Why on earth G-strings?"

"Folks back home don't ask me why," the little man said. "They know me for a God-fearing citizen."

I was going to run these Communist-financed strip joints out of business, that's what, before they persuade any more good people to forsake their church pew for a stinking, rotten bar stool. And now you're spoiling all of it. Phooey on you, you baboon of a detective!"

That evening, at the airport lounge, Mason and I sat over bourbon and water. Eventually, the loud speaker crackled out the announcement that his flight was preparing to depart. We got up and shook hands. I was feeling good, proud to have impressed such a man as the great Perry Mason.

"Come see me again, Mr. Mason, whenever you need to. Always glad to help." My heart kept pounding out to touch the ten thousand dollar check in the breast pocket of my coat.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Mason said, "I have got another job for you." "What's that?" I asked eagerly.

"Check your shoes, you two-bit shamus. They've been untied ever since we left your office." He then grinned and waved back to me as he approached the spot where the officer was standing with Della and the handcuffed Rooster Pickrick.



ECOLOGY TO BE THEME OF APRIL 22 TEACH-IN

Student Operation: Survival is planning community wide activities to coincide with teach-ins at college campuses across the country on April 22, which has been designated "Earth Day". The Armstrong organization will sponsor a main program on campus on April 22 at 12:30. Speakers, panel discussions, films, informal discussions, and written material will be the focal points of activity for the day.

In the last two quarters Student Operation: Survival compiled informa-

tion from various agencies including The Public Health Department, Skidaway Institute, Sapelo Marine Institute, The Corps of Engineers, and industries involved in the pollution of the Savannah River. Student Operation: Survival has requested information from the Georgia Water Quality Control Board and has offered Mr. Ralph Nader complete cooperation in his proposed summer study of the polluted Savannah River.

Having attempted to create a firm background in understanding the complex problems inherent in the improvement of the environment, Student Operation: Survival will attempt, starting with the April 22 Teach In, to provide to the community well-researched, practical solutions to the pollution problems facing this area.

Mr. Ralph Nader has been invited to speak at the April 22 Teach In but no reply has been received from him as of April 6. Mr. Ogden Doremus, a Savannah lawyer, has agreed to speak and he has long been active in the protection of our environment, especially in the effort to prevent Kerr McGee's mining of phosphate in the coastal area. Dr. Brower, radiation biologist, has stated that he will participate along with Dr. Davenport, head of the Biology Department at Armstrong. Efforts have also been made to secure speakers from Skidaway Institute and Sapelo Marine Institute.

The proposed panel discussions should include representatives from local industries and municipalities as well as people actively involved in the efforts to speed up pollution control. Topics to be discussed include the revamping of the present Water Quality Standards, ways to facilitate enforcement of present standards, means of financing the necessary pollution controls, and an examination of the political and ethical changes that will be necessary to establish a long range balance between man and his environment.

Review: 'The French Lieutenant's Woman'

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that he carries it off so well. To one accustomed to the more fantastic plots of Mr. Fowles' other words, such a scheme—a triangle, two of whose members are hardly even interesting, much less compelling—is difficult to accept, but this simple plot gains a masterful complexity from small but painstakingly arranged details; and it emerges not only unique, but as one of the best books of the last decade.

The ending (there are actually three distinct endings) is its most outstanding feature. Freedom versus convention in life and in art is one of Fowles' major themes. Just as he examines this conflict in the lives of his characters so does he examine it in his art. Refusing to impose convention on his work, he insists on treating his characters as living people—people who are not merely models but people whom he has spied on in train compartments and through the windows of London houses. Like a movie actor who turns suddenly to speak directly into the camera, Fowles tells us that he cannot play god to his characters as the Victorian novelist did, but must let them act out their own movements and develop their own characters. Fowles introduces all the

mental, emotional and intellectual possibilities his intrigue presents in both the modern and the Victorian contexts and then leaves it to the reader to sort them out and digest them. No more should be said here to forewarn the reader about these mysteries, for they offer a simple surprise and delight in discovery beyond their literary value.

Fowles is remarkable also for his unique gift for the language. He reminds us of a lesson we are wont to forget here in the colonies—that great magic can be wrought with

a large and precise vocabulary. Furthermore, he introduces each chapter with little known passages from Victorian prose and poetry, and far from seeming fatuous, as these chapter leads usually do, they are delicious clues to the material that follows.

Finally, one can only hope that this wonderful work will be left in the beautifully designed book from Little, Brown (\$8.95) and not turned over to the butchers in Hollywood to be made into a movie as dreadful as the one made from *The Magus*.

**WATCH
FOR THE
ENVIRONMENTAL
TEACH-IN
APRIL 22nd**



PIRATE PATCHES

by Jim Burch

The Armstrong Baseball Team opened its season over the Spring break. So far the results have not been favorable for Armstrong; out of seven games, the Pirates have won only one. They defeated Western Carolina 7-4, but lost to Pembroke State 6-0 and 12-6, Belmont-Abbey 5-1 and 7-3, Davidson 5-1, and, in a second game, Western Carolina 5-4.

The schedule is advantageous for Armstrong, with a majority of the games at home. Also,

by playing teams not from Georgia, like Pembroke State, Glassboro State, and Davidson, the name of the school will begin to be known outside of Savannah. This is one reason why the athletic program at Armstrong is so important.

The conference games started Saturday, April 4, against Piedmont. As of yet, there is no way of rating Armstrong to the other conference teams, but it is felt that the Pirates have as good a chance as any other team.

Baseball Schedule

Saturday, April 11
Monday, April 13
Tuesday, April 14
Wednesday, April 15
Friday, April 17
Saturday, April 18
Tuesday, April 21
Wednesday, April 22
Tuesday, April 28
Wednesday, April 29
Saturday, May 2
Tuesday, May 5
Saturday, May 9
Monday, May 11

May 21-22

May 28-29

*Shorter (2)
Augusta
*Valdosta (2)
Savannah State
*Georgia Southwestern
*Piedmont
Baptist
Citadel
Baptist
Augusta
*West Georgia (2)
Citadel
*Berry (2)
*Georgia Southwestern

District 25 Playoff

Area Playoff

Away 1:00
Away 3:00
Home 1:00
Home 3:00
Home 3:00
Home 1:00
Home 3:00
Home 3:00
Away 3:00
Home 2:00
Home 11:00
Away 7:30
Home 11:00
Away 2:00

*Georgia Intercollegiate Athletic Conference



REPEAT PERFORMANCE AIM OF ASC GOLFERS

Since the beginning of fall quarter, the Armstrong State College Golf Team, defending champions of the G.I.A.C., have been working towards their up-coming season. Twice weekly they work with weights in the gym, and the other days they play at LaVida Country Club.

The team is composed of new personnel this year. Jim Brotherton is the only starting returnee; however Phil Gray did play and letter with the team last year. New members on the team include: Robert Bradley, Mike Cohn, Bob Ferrelle, and Jack Lindsay.

The first match was March 30, at the Savannah Inn and Country Club. Armstrong, Georgia Southern, Brian College from Rhode Island, and Milone College from Ohio

participated in that match. Future matches include The Citadel, South Carolina, Augusta College, possibly Jacksonville, and the other conference foes. The conference match is May 21 and 22 in Macon, and Armstrong will be trying to become the first team to win the conference three years in a row. If the team captures the conference crown, they will travel to William Jewell, Missouri for the national finals.

In a recent Inkwell interview, Jim Brotherton said that he felt Armstrong has a good team, but they lack experience playing in this conference. After the first couple of matches, each player should gain confidence in his game, and the team can then concentrate on winning the conference again.



Photo by Bob Ritchie